With a heavy thud, the book landed on the desk. The force of it shook and knocked over surrounding items. A hasty hand threw open the covers and started to frantically flip through page after page. One after another the contents of the book being skimmed through at a rapid rate. Such a book filled with a vast wealth of knowledge all condensed into the pages protected by the ornate and regal hard covers. The possibilities within such near limitless that could perform feats beyond one's imagination.

"Come on, c'mon, I know that this has what I need!"

The voice was anxious, and clearly stressed as the pace of the turning pages only increased. It was clear that they were looking for something in particular but so far their search had brought little success. His movements grew increasingly shaky as time passed, often skipping multiple pages at a time in a desperate bid to find whatever they needed. As he turned more than halfway through the book, he flipped another page only to hesitate. After a momentary pause, he turned back one or two pages and stopped. He retracted his hand as he started to read the text scribed onto the parchment.

"Oh thank god, I found it."

Blitz found himself able to relax a little now as his tense body eased up. He wiped his brow as a small smile formed on his face. For this page of the Grimoire, this spell took up almost all of its real estate. Line after line, explaining the spell and other relevant info that might be needed. In a book like the Grimoire, the variety of spells and other writings within was expansive. Spells, curses, alterations, transmutations, illusions, oaths, all of these things yet the imp had desired this particular spell.

"Veritas Mutatio."

A simple name for something so powerful, even if Blitzo didn't realize it at the moment. All he had known of, was that this was the solution to a problem he had. The issue was debt, a lack of money but the plan he had concocted was simple. Or it was supposed to be, all he had to do was to erase the concept of the debt he had and then things would be perfectly fine. Yet using a spell like this would require the utmost care due to its sensitive nature. One mistake no matter how insignificant could have grave ramifications. This spell was one that demanded proper patience and a mastery of magic.

"This should be simple," Blitz muttered.

He rubbed his hands together in preparation as it was clear he lacked both patience and magic proficiency to enact such a spell. Yet this did very little to deter him as he began to channel the necessary focus for step one. In his mind, he estimated that this would be finished in under five minutes. But before he could make any progress into the process, something sudden would happen, one that Blitz had certainly not anticipated.

"Blitzy, what are you doing with my Grimoire?"

The voice came from behind and carried a tone of concern. It didn't have a hint of anger and the name uttered clued the imp into who exactly had said that. He turned around to see Stolas standing in the room with him. Caught off guard, Blitz tried to find the words he needed to say.

"Oh, uh, hi Stolas, it's nothing, everything, is, uh, fine."

Such an act would have been unconvincing to most, but Stolas trusted Blitz. Meanwhile, he did his best to cover the contents of the current page obscuring it from Stolas's line of sight.

"Blitzy, are you sure? You don't have to hide anything from me."

“No Stolas, it’s fine, look, I’m a little busy right now so can you please go, I have this handled.”

“Ah, I understand, I’m sorry then, I’ll go.”

Stolas was about to turn around and leave when Blitz had let his guard down. In that moment, the Goetia had caught a glimpse at what the page was on. Instantly his expression turned to shock.

“Are you trying to use the Veritas Mutatio spell?”

“Well, uh, yeah.”

Blitz started to sweat.

“Do you have any idea how dangerous of a spell this is?” Stolas asked.

He started to walk towards the desk, his demeanor slowly growing nervous as Blitz moved aside.

“It’s not a big deal, I was only using it for something simple.”

“Something simple, Blitz, this spell is so sensitive that even the most minute of alterations can have widespread consequences. It takes utmost mastery to avoid any dire events.”

While in the middle of his tangent, Stolas processed the keyword Blitz had said. He paused for a second as his expression shifted; it froze into a state of utter despair.

“*Using*? Blitz, please tell me that you haven’t used it already?”

“No, I was in the middle of starting it when you showed up.”

Stolas was petrified, and then he twitched before utterly breaking down.

“Oh no, no no no, this is dreadful, utterly terrible. Blitz get out now! I need to fix this before it's too late.”

“Hold on, what do you mean, get out? This is my own f-.”

Blitz wouldn't get the chance to finish that sentence. The Grimoire glowed. The light of which was blinding, as the imp had to shield his eyes. Stolas was in a state of stupor as his eyes were wide. Before either could do anything, a blast shot out of the book, striking Stolas and throwing him against the wall with a thud. Afterward, the light died down but still lingered in a dimmed state. Shocked, Blitz ran up to Stolas, whose body was slumped against the damaged wall.

"Ugh," Stolas groaned.

He was thankfully still conscious, but clearly weakened. It was incredible he wasn't cleanly thrown through the drywall. Confused, Blitz didn't know what to say or do. Yet he noticed something was off. The details of it were so subtle but there was an oddity when it came to Stolas's appearance that caught the imp's eye.

Stolas's form had always been slender, but now there was more of a curve to it in some places. While at first these changes could only be noticed by an extremely trained eye specifically searching for such a difference, it didn't take very long before it became hard to not notice, as Stolas was panting, his breathing slowly came to a steady rate, as Blitz was silent. He didn't know what was happening, but it did catch him off guard when the Goetia's clothes started to change.

His outfit, while always eccentric, had clearly changed as well. No longer did he have a tunic or pants that clung tightly to his form. Instead, his clothes were a bit looser, and his cape was no more. Instead, a dress had suddenly poofed out, elegant in appearance the colors of it were rather eye-catching. The patterns of it with a dark blue color that had white specks gave it a cosmic aesthetic, mirroring that of the stars in the night sky. Its materials were otherworldly,

made for the best in comfort, durability, and looks. The last piece was his top hat, now an ornate tiara made of silver.

Of course, to match this new outfit, there were a few significant changes to Stolas regarding their gender. Namely, in between their legs and at the chest, as Stolas and Blitz both blushed, knowing what this meant. The last two notable changes were rather swift, the first her voice now higher in pitch and certainly more feminine, and finally her face. So light makeup was applied to her face as the changes finished with some of the minor aspects.

"Uh, oh, oh my," Stolas stammered.

Blitz was still stunned, staring at the transformed Goetia who was sitting on the ground. A blush was on the imp's face, whether he knew it or not. Stolas was examining her new form and outfit, her emotions a mixture of concern and curiosity. But there was less and less fear or worry with every passing moment, instead she seemed more interested than anything else at the moment.

"I didn't know that the Grimoire had such powers that it could affect a Goetia such as myself."

Her voice still so smooth but higher pitched, it was a beautiful sounding voice. But while Stolas was viewing her new form, neither her nor Blitzo noticed the Grimoire was still radiating a magical glow. It's why Blitzo yelled out in surprise when he was suddenly struck by a second blast of magic. Thankfully, the force of it wasn't as powerful, only knocking the imp to his knees, but he found it impossible to stand up. His entire body was covered in a magical energy encasing him in an aura of powerful magic. Stolas had her mouth agape yet she knew there was nothing that could be done, trying to break through that magical barrier or disrupting it could have terrible results.

The changes for Blitzo were significant, yet working at a rather quick pace. His entire body was finding itself growing. He was taller now, almost to the exact same height as Stolas. But he was slim just like Stolas as well, in addition covering almost every last bit of his being were feathers the same red color his skin had been. Hands and feet shifted into talons once again with a striking similarity to Stolas, as the imp's tail transformed into a plume of tail feathers. Stolas found themselves gasping as they were already aware of what was happening to Blitzo.

Blitzo's face pushed out forwards, hardening as he started to grow a beak. His horns softened instead turning into a pair of large head feathers that curled backwards behind his head. Last was his wardrobe as it started to change into one rather similar to what Stolas typically wore. Extravagant and all as the old clothes he had were gone in lieu of these new ones. By the time it was finished Blitzo had finally realized what exactly had happened.

"I'm uh, a Goetia," he muttered.

He didn't know how to process such an unexpected turn of events, as the energy around him fizzled away no longer needed for the transformation. This was a lot for the former imp to understand as he blinked a few times, looking down at his new form.

"Blitzy, are you u-uh, a-alright?" Stolas asked.

Stolas started to stand up, wanting to be there for his friend as Blitzo was silent, he continued to process all these changes. But when he felt the embrace of Stolas, Blitzo managed a tiny smile as he turned to look at the other Goetia.

"I'm fine."

"We'll look into changing you back after we can confirm whether or not there are any further damages."

"T-thanks."

The tender moment was cut short however, when they heard the main door to the office slam open.

“Yo, we’re back, also I brought Octavia so I hope you don’t mind because I don’t care!”

It wasn’t Moxie or Millie, instead; it was Loona, and from the sounds of things she had brought back Octavia with her.

Stolas and Blitzo were stunned, unsure of what to say or do in that moment. As a few seconds later, both Loona and Octavia noticed the mess in Blitzo’s office. That included the two as both girls were shocked at what they saw.

“D-Dad!”

“What did you two do this time?”

Yet as the two girls looked down at Stolas and Blitzo, they all failed to notice that the Grimoire was glowing once more. By the time Stolas noticed it, there was no time for her to give any warning as it fired two more blasts of energy. This time it struck both Loona and Octavia who stumbled backwards. They were both surprised by this as Stolas and Blitzo gasped.

“Girls!” Stolas cried out.

Loona and Octavia groaned confused as to what had just happened. But it wouldn’t take very long for the changes to start for either of them. They looked at each other as they noticed that the office looked larger than before. In fact, everything around them appeared to be larger, even Blitzo and Stolas who were still on the floor were bigger. Clearly something was amiss, but neither knew what exactly. Stolas and Blitzo on the other hand could easily notice what was changing about the two girls.

They both watched as Loona and Octavia were shrinking in size. Smaller with every passing moment, but it wasn’t just shrinking, there were also changes that could be noticed

beyond that.. The two girls looked younger, and it wasn't just because they were small. Something about them carried an aura of youthfulness that had long been gone. Their bodies were a bit chubbier but by no means fat.

"What's happening?" Octavia asked.

"Our voices!" Loona squealed.

They both had high-pitched and squeakier voices. The voices they had made them both sound like a pair of children.

"Oh, this feels so hecking wrong!" Loona groaned.

But it even seemed that their language had been filtered out to say age-appropriate words. The two girls were less than half their age as their outfits were also changing. Their old clothes would have been too large and baggy on their small bodies. To remedy that, they were given new outfits for them to wear. Overall, they looked like what they had been wearing, but smaller.

Nobody there knew what to do or how to stop what was happening. This was different from what had happened to Stolas and Blitzo as both sat there stunned. They could only watch as the two girls got closer to the end of their regression, looks of shock on their face as they didn't know how to process any of what had just happened. For the other two, it was surreal to see both so young, especially Stolas seeing her daughter a child once again. In a hurry she stood up and ran over to Octavia wrapping her in a hug.

"Oh Octavia dear I'm so sorry, are you alright?" Stolas asked.

"Yeah, I'm fine da- mommy."

Stolas paused hearing that, it felt so strange to be called that but at the same time it felt normal, like it had always been that way. Blitzo also got up and walked over to Loona, the hellhound regressed in age looked up at her adoptive father now a Goetia instead of an Imp.

“Are you ok?” Blitzo asked.

“Yeah.”

Loona was quiet, as she looked at herself, needing a minute to process everything. All four of them unsure of what to do now. Out of them all, it was Blitzo who spoke up.

“So uh, we can use the book right to turn us back? I mean if it can do this, it can do the reverse right?”

Upon hearing the Grimoire mentioned, Stolas gasped, she had been too concerned about her daughter that the Grimoire had slipped from her train of thought. She turned around and saw that the Grimoire was thankfully still there, resting on the desk innocuously. Quickly Stolas stood up and hurried for the Grimoire, it didn’t seem to be active anymore but she had to be certain about this. Concerned Blitzo stayed with the two regressed girls as he watched from the other room.

As she walked up to the desk, Stolas tried to be as careful as possible, she couldn’t sense any energy still radiating off of the book. She reached an arm out, ready to close the book, when she all of a sudden it came back to life with an immense amount of energy. Out of shock she recoiled back letting out a gasp. It was unexpected as the Goetia had no idea what could be happening now. The other three looked on from the other room, the two girls clinging to Blitzo for protection.

The office was disappearing replacing it all with a black void as nobody there knew what was happening. It seemed the Grimoire had surged with an unexpected burst of energy as it continued to alter the reality around it. More and more of it consumed and converted into an inky black void, desolate of anything other than the four. As the void surrounded them, ebbing away

at the last bits of the remaining reality, both Blitzo and Stolas were worried. But they wouldn't be left in the dark for long.

Once the last bits had disappeared, the darkness would only last for a few seconds. A moment later, color suddenly came back to them. Out of the void and into a new location, one that was familiar for three out of the four in the group, but especially so for two of them. Their new surroundings was the interior of a lavish manor. With valuable decorations adoring the walls, Stolas and Octavia could only blink as they processed it all. Blitzo also recognized the locale but didn't seem as shook.

"Stolas, why in all of the layers, are you here!" A voice shrieked.

That voice was also one that both Octavia and Stolas were familiar with. The four of them were all sitting on the floor of the main hall of the Goetia's home. And in front of all four was the shocked and extremely enraged Stella. But before anybody could do anything else, a new object plopped itself right between the group and Stella. The Grimoire sat on the ground, its pages were still open.

While the four were rightfully hesitant to approach the book, the hot-headed Stella stomped forwards. Her face contorted and filled with malice, she reached down and snatched the book up from the ground. Stolas tried to call out and stop her from grabbing the Grimoire but it was too late. And with it still on the spell of Veritas Mutatio spell, it wasn't really a surprise what happened next. As the moment she touched the book, Stella was knocked back onto her the floor.

"Stupid f-."

Stella wouldn't finish that sentence as she was suddenly blasted with more of the Grimoire's elusive energy, wrapping around her entire body with a magical glow. Trapped in a cocoon consisting of the energy, Stella was unable to break free as the Grimoire started to alter

Stella, in a similar fashion to its previous victims. No matter how much she tried to thrash and struggle, it only served to delay the inevitable for her.

The four witnessed the changes in real-time, watching as Stella's size was starting to diminish. Her voice couldn't be heard, likely silenced by the Grimoire. Smaller and smaller, it was clear from just a glance she was turning younger in age. Her proportions got smaller and smaller as she wailed within the magic. It was a somewhat pathetic if not karmic sight considering everything about Stella. Her elegant appearance gave way for something more fitting for a toddler or even a baby.

She continued to get younger, Stolas and Blitzo quiet, as Stella got younger than Loona, and then a few moments later younger than even her own daughter Octavia! Her clothes had changed from her expensive dress to something that would fit perfectly on a small kid like how she was now, Soon she was just a small girl sitting on the floor, stunned at what had happened to her. Her age had to very young, considering she was even younger than Loona and Octavia now.

It had happened so quickly that Blitzo, Stolas, Loona, and Octavia didn't know what to say. By the end, her crown had disappeared with not a trace of it to be found anywhere. Her hair had been given a new style. Instead of letting it flow down her back, instead it had been tied into a pair of pigtails on each side of her head. But even if she had the look of a small child, her attitude seemed to remain sour as ever. Her face formed into a snarl, although it was hard to find it intimidating or anything to fear with how young and adorable she looked.

"Argh, what did you do to me?" She growled.

She pointed a finger at the group as nobody knew what to say. Some like Loona and Blitzo had to stifle laughter hearing her babified voice. Squeaky with a very slight lisp, it made it hard to take any threat or demand seriously from her.

“Change me back at once, I demand it!”

It seemed Stella was starting to throw a tantrum as she slammed a foot into the ground, of course nobody seemed phased by it. Instead, Blitzo and Stolas stood up and started to walk over to both the Grimoire and Stella. The former went to take care of the brat while the latter handled the Grimoire. Blitzo bent down and grabbed Stella, lifting her into the air, he held her with his arms extended out.

“Put me down!” She wailed.

As an attempt at resistance, she kicked her feet and swiped her arms at Blitzo; he had no issues however thanks to the fact that she was so small. Still it was certainly a handful as he waited on Stolas. The Goetia carefully grabbed the book making sure to be as gentle as he could. Thankfully, it seemed that the book was in a dormant state for the most part, it must have used up a lot of energy with all the transformations. Now all she had to do was reverse everything that had occurred within the past hour, a simple feat for someone like her. Yet as she stared at the pages, a thought crossed her mind.

She looked over at Octavia and Loona, then she looked over at Blitzo and Stella. Stolas took a deep breath as she thought about it all. This inner turmoil lasted for a moment before she realized that she needed to do the right thing. A claw was about to turn the page to reverse it all when something had startled her.

“Give me the book!” Stella cried out.

It seemed she had caught Blitzo off guard as she had broken free of his grasp.

“Stupid brat, this is exactly why I Iost my babysitting license!” He yelled.

Stunned, Stolas found himself dropping the book as Stella caught it, the size of it nearly crushed her but didn’t for better or worse. With the book before her, she giggled with maniacal

glee as she touched it. A moment later and things got quiet, all four were silent and frozen as they watched an orb of light emerge from the pages, it floated upwards towards the ceiling of the room. Confused, Stella tilted her head, as Stolas immediately rushed into action.

"Girls!"

Stolas dashed to Octavia and Loona, and shielded them with her body. While she had done that, Blitzo seemed to understand what was going on enough so to dash in and grab Stella, dragging her by the back of her dress as she tried to grab the Grimoire. A moment later as the orb of light pulsed a few times. Then without any warning it exploded, sending out a powerful shockwave in all directions with a fierce gust of wind. None of them could escape or protect themselves from the force as everything went dark.

A constant beeping could be heard going off. It beeped with rhythm doing so every other second. Loud and aggravating it was the motivation to finally get Blitzo to wake up. He groaned as he reached out and blindly hit the button to silence the alarm. Groggily he got out of bed and walked to the kitchen to have some breakfast. Currently, it was still a little dark outside so he tried to stay quiet. As he got closer to the kitchen, however, he could hear what sounded like the stove running.

He stuck his head around the door frame to see that pancakes were being made with a few on a plate cooling. In addition, there was a familiar Goetia who noticed Blitzo peeking as they had a warm smile on their face.

"Oh good morning dear, how are you?" She asked.

"I'm fine, I guess I didn't realize you were already up," Blitzo chuckled.

Stolas smirked as she looked over at her dear husband Blitzo.

“Do you think you could go and see if any of the kids are awake yet?” Stolas requested.

“Hmm, what about our servants?” Blitzo asked.

“Ah, I told them they could start work a bit late today, after all they had to deal with that big mess last night.”

When Stolas had said that, Blitzo now remembered what had happened and grimaced.

“I suppose that’s fair enough, alright, I’ll be back in a minute.”

Blitzo turned around and walked through the grand halls of the manor, things were quiet this morning as he moved about. After a short walk, he reached a large door made of fine wood. Carefully he grabbed the handle and turned it before pushing the door open. He opened it just a crack, letting in a minimal amount of light from the hallway. As he poked his head inside to look around, the Goetia looked at the nice bedroom. He tried to be quiet, not wanting to disturb the sleep of those inside.

But it seemed he failed in that mission, or perhaps they were already awake. The bed comforter stirred and wriggled as a small figure sat up. They looked at the door and where Blitzo was at.

“Daddy?” The voice asked.

“Good morning sweetie,” Blitzo replied.

Climbing out of the bedsheets and off the bed, a young hellhound ran up to her father and into his arms. Blitzo held the hellhound up and gave her a big hug.

“How are you Lulu?” he asked.

“Great!”

Blitzo smiled hearing that and looked at the young Loona. Her eighth birthday had been just a month ago, and he couldn’t help but notice how fast she was growing. Their adoptive

daughter, she was family just as much as Blitzo's and Stolas's other two daughters. Even if Loona could be more than a handful at times.

"Mommy's making breakfast so why don't you get something to eat while I grab your sisters?"

"Okay!"

Loona left for the kitchen while Blitzo couldn't help but smile. With that done, he decided he would go ahead and grab Octavia next. Her room was just one more down the hall from Loona's. As he tried to keep quiet, it seemed Octavia was already awake somewhat as she was laying in bed looking over at the door.

"Good morning daddy."

"Good morning dear."

"Is breakfast ready?"

"Just about, mom is nearly finished, maybe you can go and help her?"

"Alright!"

Blitzo chuckled as he let Octavia eagerly get ready for the day. She was the second of the kids, younger than Loona by around three years or so. Now it just left the last and youngest of the three to be tended to, as Blitzo closed the bedroom door, he headed down the hall. The walk was short as he opened the door. Inside revealed a nursery room, with colorful decorations on the walls as well as a bunch of toys and supplies. There was a large crib and inside of which was Stella.

Carefully Blitzo walked up to the crib and reached down inside, his arms picking up Stella as the infant child seemed a bit fussy. To be honest, Stella had always been a handful but

one that Stolas and Blitzo could always handle together. Still she provided her fair share of difficult moments, especially one like last night.

“How are we doing Stella?”

“Bah.”

Stella wasn’t quite at the age to fully speak, though sometimes she did manage a few words. But more often than not, it was pretty easy to deduce her intentions or desires.

“Alright, let’s go get you breakfast, I’m sure mommy has delicious food for you.”

He carefully cradled her, as he brought her out of the nursery and towards the kitchen. There the other two daughters were sitting at the table eating while a highchair waited for the very young Stella. It was something she never quite liked as she tried to squirm her way out of it, but it was typically a futile resistance, sooner or later she would be strapped in with a bib wrapped around her. Stolas turned to look at the high chair as she had a bottle of milk ready for her daughter.

Blitzo joined Loona and Octavia at the table grabbing a plate of food for himself. Stella frowned as Stolas hovered the bottle in front of her, but it seemed she was too hungry to fight it. As the nipple of the bottle was stuck in her mouth, she started to drink it up. Stolas giggled as she held onto the bottle for her.

“See it’s not so bad when you don’t fight."

While everyone was finishing up their food, Blitzo and Stolas heard a knock at the main door.

“I’ll go and see who it is,” Blitzo said.

He stood up and walked down to the front door; it was a pretty likely guess for him on who was there. When he opened the door, it seemed Blitzo’s guess had been correct. The two

head servants of the manor, they were both imps. One was wearing a decent suit while the other had a dress that was more function over form. Blitzo and Stolas had never been picky or strict about a dress code, besides these two had always been an exceptional pair of workers.

"Good morning, sir."

"Mornin boss."

Though the first one had a more restrained and somewhat timid personality, the other with her distinct accent had always been a bit more outgoing.

"Hello, Moxie, and Millie. Thank you for your help last night."

These two had been hired by Stolas quite a few years ago, about one year after Octavia had been born and a few months before the two had adopted Loona. Though a tad skeptical at first, Blitzo had quickly warmed up to the two imps for a reason he couldn't exactly describe.

"Aw, it was nothing, Moxie here is just happy to get some extra beauty sleep."

The tease got Moxie to blush and murmur something quietly.

"Well, come inside. I'm hoping things should be calmer today, just some tidying up as usual and tending to the children."

Blitzo stood aside to let the two in. A small smile on his face as he closed the door afterward. He couldn't think of a pair of workers who were so devoted yet hardworking. The two were already getting to work, seeming to start with a bit of tidying up around the manor. He intended the let the two work undisturbed for now; he didn't need anything in particular right now, but Stolas or one of the girls might need help with something. Lunch wouldn't be for a little bit so he had some time to enjoy himself.

He decided to go to their shared study; it was connected to the master bedroom. A place where he could find a bit of peace and quiet when needed. Millie and Moxie were hardy imps

who had great rapport with all three girls, though as best as any could with Stella. If anything were to go awry and beyond their scope the two always knew to find either himself or Stolas. And speaking of which, as Blitzo opened the door to the study, he saw Stolas inside. She seemed a little startle, turning her head to look at the opening door.

"Oh hello honey, I take it that was Millie and Moxie?" She asked.

She was staring at one of the bookshelves putting a book away slotted with the rest. Blitzo wasn't sure what exact book it had been, but he didn't really worry about that detail.

"Indeed, they wanted to thank you for the late start today."

"Hehe, oh those two deserve it, what are you doing here?"

"Not much, I thought I might read something for a little bit, never a lot of time to do so these days."

"Ah that is true, we certainly have our hands full with three beautiful girls, even with our helpers."

"Mhm, so what about you dear?"

"Me, oh, I just noticed that it had been sticking out a bit, I was just doing some sorting. In fact, I was perhaps going to try to take a nap, I'm still a tad tired from last night's ordeal."

Blitzo chuckled, he certainly sympathized with his wife. Last night had been rather draining, the thought of it got him to let out a yawn. A small smile formed on Stolas's face as she yawned just a moment later.

"It seem's we're both a bit tired then?"

"Well then, perhaps we should get a bit of rest."

Stolas walked up to Blitzo and wrapped herself around him, her warm body pressed up against his as the couple smiled warmly at one another. A nap did sound rather pleasant as the

two walked hand in hand into the adjoining bedroom, the curtains still drawn over the windows. As the two slipped under the covers ready to cuddle. Their embrace was pleasant and enough so that the two found themselves drifting off to sleep.

Some time later however a knock at the bedroom door jolted both awake, as Blitzo sat up in bed.

“Uh apologies, but there has been a bit of an issue.”

Though muffled, Blitzo could tell that it was Moxie. As he got up, he was content to let his wife sleep a little longer, but Stolas also got out of bed.

“I’ll go as well.”

They opened the door, and Moxie was standing there, looking rather disheveled. In addition to that, he also seemed to be covered in paint with splotches on his uniform and body. With a sheepish look, he pointed in the direction of the nursery, not much of a surprise, as they could hear a commotion from down the hall. All three walked to the nursery, as the two Goetias wondered what it could be this time. Moxie was hesitant to open the door but did after a moment. Inside, there was a racket as Stella, Millie, Loona, Octavia, were all in the room.

The room was in a messy affair as toys and supplies were strewn about haphazardly. On the floor and the walls were streaks and splatters of paint, some in spots that one could only wonder how they got there. Millie had a bit of paint on themselves but Loona and Octavia looked relatively clean. Stella was a completely different story as it was almost like she had dumped a bucket of different paints onto herself. Thankfully the paint was non-toxic, as Blitzo and Stolas stepped inside.

Blitzo, walked up to Stella and picked her up, he was quiet and had a slight frown on his face. Himself now slightly covered in paint as he looked at her.

“Well then, it seems we have a little artist on our hands don’t we?” He asked.

He formed a large smile on his face as he held the young Stella. She seemed a little surprised by the reaction expecting something else to have come.

“Bah!” She babbled.

Paint dripped off of her and onto the ground as Blitzo chuckled.

“Still it looks like our little artist is going to need a good bath to clean up now.”

That got Stella to cry a little, as she was never a fan of bath time. But overall it was all light-hearted fun that got everyone in the room to laugh, chuckle, or just smile. There was no serious damage or much else to worry about except a bit of cleaning that would need to be done later. An issue hardly worth getting very upset over. This was just another family moment for all of them to enjoy as Blitzo handed Stella off to Moxie and Millie, getting more paint onto Moxie.

Stolas smiled at the amusing sight, all the laughter and fun going around was delightful. Still, out of everyone, there was a secret she had. For as far as she was aware, Stolas was the only one who still retained some memories of their old selves. It wasn’t a lot, nor was it everything from before, but it was enough to know what she needed. She didn’t know exactly why she retained some of her memories, but her best guess was that she had been a fully grown Goetia before the incident.

She could remember the tense situation between herself and Blitzo in the past. The animosity both she and Stella had, her failings as a parent to Octavia, and a few other details. But as far as Stolas knew, she was the only one who had any memories about the other past before it

had been changed. The only other potential one who may have known was Stella, but Stolas wasn't too sure about that.

Still, Stolas had used that knowledge and was part of the reason why Millie and Moxie were currently hired as their happy servants. Of course, she had felt a bit of guilt and remorse for doing this all without permission. But it was moments like these where everyone was happy, smiling, and laughing. It was these moments that made Stolas know that this was the right decision, making this new happy family of her own. And it was a family she wouldn't trade for the world.

All thanks to a little book with untold powers sitting on the shelf in her study, amongst the row of others.